

Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

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How Myra Got Her Tree

"NO, MYRA: I'm afraid we're too poor to have a Christmas tree this year. You see, everything costs such a lot, and now that papa is gone, we have to save our pennies."



"DRAGGED IT ALONG THE ROAD"

mother know that she minded the least bit.

But Myra really couldn't help mind, try as she would. And when, on Christmas Eve, she was returning from an errand to the store in town, she thought of the very simple preparations for Christmas in her home, and that cough was dangerously near a sob.

There came a strange tugging at her heart, and her "cough" seemed more like a sob than ever, but she responded cheerily:

"Good evening, Mr. Rhodes, and a Merry Christmas to you!"

Hearing a thump upon the roadway, she faced about, to see that one of the Christmas trees had rolled from the wagon.

"Oh, Mr. Rhodes!" she cried. But the wagon was fast retreating amid a rattle and clatter, so that the man did not hear.

For a moment—just a moment, mind you!—Myra was tempted. She lived only a few rods distant, you know; it would have been an easy matter to drag the tree home, and no one would be the wiser. A feeling of chame, however, succeeded the thought. No, Mr. Rhodes must certainly have his tree back.

"If he doesn't sell it this evening, he won't sell it at all," thought she. So the tiny miss, without more ado, seized the branches of the little tree and dragged it back over the way she had come. It was at least a half mile to Mr. Rhodes' store in town, so that it was a weary little girl who dropped her burden before the astonished Mr. Rhodes.

Big Chief Howling Wolf

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS. As Ronald Hubert, a lad of 11, is in poor health, he is invited by his Uncle Hubert to spend some time in Nova Scotia. The boy's mother consents, and Ronald departs from New York, accompanied by his sister Florence. Together with Cousin Douglas, they pass several delightful days at the end of which time Florence returns home and Douglas leaves for his school in Halifax. Meanwhile, Uncle Hubert has taken Ronald away with him upon a hunting and



THE MOOSE AT BAY

sing trip in the wilds of Nova Scotia. Camp Howling Wolf is established. Here he learns much of woodcraft. His uncle teaches him the mysteries of trout fishing. Then Douglas joins them for a day's shooting of woodcock and snipe. Not so very long afterward Uncle Hubert kills a bear in a thrilling hunt.

said he had found about three miles beyond.

"When the snow falls very heavily," explained Uncle Hubert, "the moose is unable to travel with ease. So a band of them usually gathers in the hollow of some protected hillside, where they may feed upon the sprigs and tips of maple mountain ash, withered, moosewood, white hazel and other deciduous trees. The moose always travel in single file through these yards, one of which may be half a mile square, so that you will find the tracts interlaced with narrow paths."

Presently the hunters came upon the yard, approaching with the greatest caution, for even during feeding time the deer is exceedingly wary. They feed from daybreak until about 11 o'clock, then rest until about 3 or 4 o'clock, when again they browse. But at the slightest noise of twigs breaking or snow cracking underfoot, or if they gain one smell of tainted air, away they speed, rarely stopping until about thirty miles have been covered.

JOHN FINDS A MOOSE TRAIL

However, the yards were deserted. Although John, after examining several of the saplings which had been sadly mutilated and the tracks of the moose, insisted that they had departed quite recently. And a few minutes later he pointed out the tracks of a great bull moose, which he declared to have been made within the last few hours.

Taking up the trail, the Indian followed it tirelessly. It seemed that the moose had been in no great hurry. He had immediately proceeded from the yard into a forest of black pine, through which he had traveled slowly, feeding by the way. At last, when two miles had been swiftly traveled, the Indian exclaimed:

"Moose know hunters. Goes faster."

Billieboy's Drum



ALONE in the room with his Christmas tree, Billieboy's searching glance roved free

Over each toy and ornament; And a feeling of joy and deep content arose as he saw each treasure there—His sled and his horn and a Teddy bear, An engine that traveled with a scream and roar, When you wound it, across from door to door.

The elf disappeared in the time of a wink, And Billieboy only could ponder, and think

The mankin only a dream— A nightmare it surely would seem, He took down the drum, through which the elf stopped, And right down beside it he suddenly dropped To play a brisk rub-a-dub, To roll out a rub-a-dub-dub; When, lo and behold! at the stirring sound The soldiers and Noah's ark beasts came round.

Revealed by the rays of the candlelight, Baubles of wonderful hues gleamed bright

Upon the Christmas tree; Quickly he raised his eyes to see What strange, funny mankin it could be

Perching above on the topmost twig, And Billieboy's eyes grew round and big As the queer little elfin sprite, Grinning so broadly in roguish delight, Ticked immensely at Billieboy's fright.

Shrilled in a tone uncanny quite: "The Spirit of Dancing am I, am I! To prove it I'll certainly try, I'll try."

And they merrily danced a jig— Yes, a wooden, rickety jig. "Oh, a magical drum have I, have I!" But hardly did Billieboy utter the cry Than an elfin face popped from the head of the drum

And silenced the jiggity-jiggity-dum, "The Spirit of Dancing am I, am I! Away from here quickly I fly, I fly!" The elf sped away with this parting gay.

Now soldiers and Noah's ark beasts all stay

Wooden quiet should Billieboy play A jig on his magical drum today.



"Snowball"

"YES," Billy went on, "Snowball" is I am goin' to sled this evening on Sugar's Hill."

In reply to my question, he explained scornfully: "Naw, 'Snowball' ain't no name of a dog or a cat, or a mule, for that matter, either. It's a boy. In fact, it's our pet name for Joe Stanton. And it was me who give it to 'im. The thing happened this way— and it was on Sugar's Hill, too.

"Yuh see, one day last January me and Joe was sledin' down the hill. Joe had jus' pulled up from the bottom, and I was about to take a flopper down,



when, all of a sudden, I got a awful bang on the ear. The snow was meltin' and the snowball that Joe had hit me with was good 'n hard, I kin tell you. "I was mighty quick gettin' after Joe. But Joe was even quicker gettin' 'way from me. Right down the other side of the hill he skipped, with me a-goin' full tilt after. But the other side o' the top he slipped and begun to roll. Say he didn't turn! I couldn't tell 'is legs from 'is arms and 'is head. The snow was stickin' like sixty, too, so 'is Joe soon collected heaps of it on him.

"Well, when I finally caught up to Joe he looked like one big snowball, out o' which stuck a head and arms and legs. It most killed me with laughin'! Goes! but I'd uh had a dandy chance to punch Joe's head then, but my laughin' had chased all the madness away, and, after awhile, I helped pry Joe out.

"After that the name of 'Snowball' stuck like the snow that once covered Joe. He doesn't like it much, neither. 'Deed, you can't blame him, 'cause 'is a awful name for a feller to have, ain't it?"



(CONTINUED FROM LAST SUNDAY.)

CHAPTER VII

ON THE TRAIL OF THE MOOSE.

SEVERAL weeks of winter had gone by, but still the hunters lingered in the wilderness. They had to send the guide to Uncle Hubert's cottage for warmer clothing. This, however, was all that was needed for comfort, inasmuch as roaring fires could be made within the cozy log cabin, and plenty of exercise was to be had out of doors during the day.

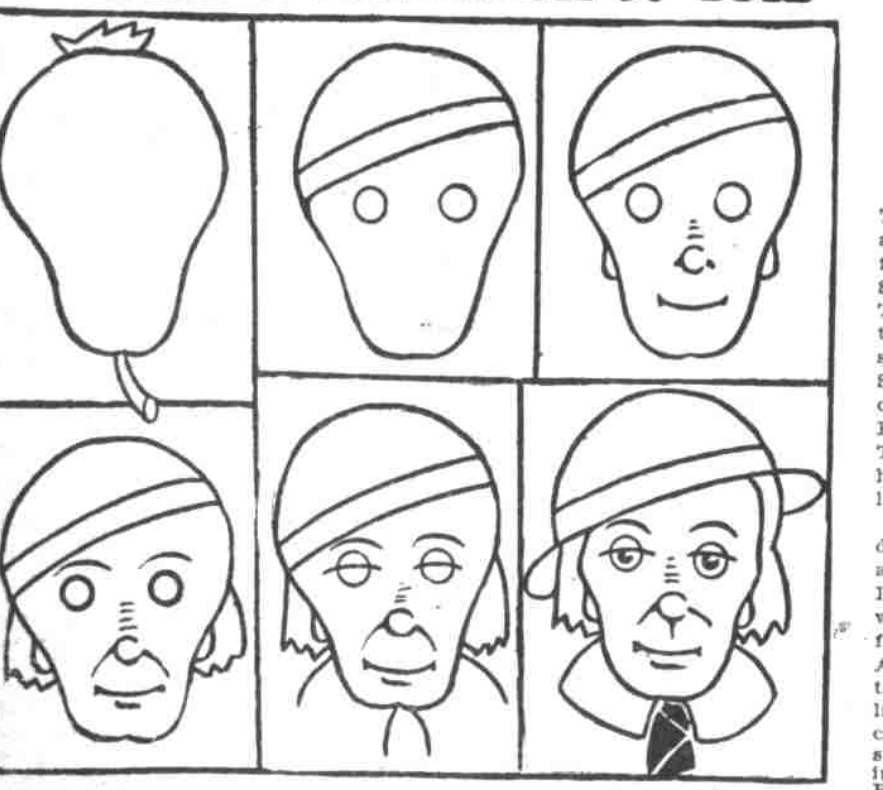
Upon a certain afternoon, when a heavy covering of snow lay on the ground, there came a sleet, followed by warmer weather and a slight fall of rain. Then the wind veered to the north, bringing with it a piercing cold. The result was that soon a gleaming cloak of ice was spread over the landscape. The reflected light of the sun, giving crimson in its setting, imparted a flaming brilliance to the icy, gem-encrusted surfaces.

When next morning arrived the hunters found that no longer were the skies somber and dull as in the winter weeks preceding. Instead, the air was clear and yet not so cold as to cause intense discomfort.

"Want go moose hunting? Yard not far away," grunted John, the Micmac Indian guide, at breakfast time. "Oh, let's do, uncle!" cried Ronald, his eyes shining with anticipation.

Uncle Hubert could not refuse Ronald's appeal, although he feared the hunt might tax the strength of the lad. Half an hour later the party, including Uncle Hubert, Ronald, John and Peter, had donned their snowshoes, laced with caribou skin, and were on their way toward the moose "yard," which John

Troubles of an Ambitious Pear



ONLY for naught had been all the plans of this little pear, whose ambitions were to be something greater than a common drawing on a slate. By the aid of magic, it had been changed into birds and fish and animals, but always had it come to grief.

"If I can only become a human being," thought the pear, "my troubles will be over." And immediately the pear DID become a Farmer Man, but, alas! a man who had no other ambition than to draw pictures of pears on a slate.

But the Farmer Man is not such a bad sort of person, after all. He is going to continue the drawing lessons which Polly Evans has been giving, with the help of the Ambitious Pear. And before long several more of these lessons will appear—ones that little girls and boys will have no trouble in copying in their drawing books.

All about Dolly Factories

YOUR dolly, of course, was called into being by some winsome fairy or by good old Santa Claus. There's no doubt of it. But long, long ago, the demands of the Little People for dollies grew so in number that Santy threw up his hands in despair. Then the Grown-ups of the world came to the rescue, and thousands and thousands of dollies they made and gave to Santa Claus. There was no other way out of the difficulty, you know, for on Earth the Little People reign supreme. They wanted doll babies; so they must have them, whether mere Grown Folk liked it or not.

And now all over the world you find dollies being made. In the far North, amid perpetual ice and snow, the Little Laplander and the Esquimaux play with cunning dollies dressed in wee, furry garments; in southern Africa, Australia and the southernmost isles of the Pacific other little girls fondle dollies just as lovingly; while in every clime between Princess Dolly holds her sway. Indeed, big factories for making dollies are run busily in Germany, France, Russia, Austria—Hungary, America, and even in Japan. Governments realize how very important the needs of the Little Folk are, so that in Germany and Russia schools have been established—not for the teaching of such trifling studies as reading, "filing and rithmetic, but to teach people how to make dollies that will satisfy the most critical among the Little People.

The district of Thuringia, in Germany, has best earned the name of Toyland. In Sonneberg and Neustadt, where is the center of the industry, doll-making has been carried on for hundreds and hundreds of years. Naturally, there is a great difference between the rough, ruddy carved dolly turned out centuries ago and the well-formed, nicely jointed dolly of today. Many improvements were made during the nineteenth century. In place of the straight arms and legs,

attached to the doll's body at hips and shoulders, properly jointed limbs were introduced; finer material was used for the hair, and even talking dolls were invented, while special attention came to be given to her ladyship's wardrobe.



wax (though comparatively few), composition (papier-mache, porcelain, etc.), rag, jointed, talking, and so on. The separate parts of the dolls are made either in small factories or the homes of workers, and then all put together in the large factory. One man will make only hands, another heads and another forearms. Sometimes the composition of which the heads are made is prepared by home workers and moulded into shape in the factory. Usually the faces are made of a composition which is both unbreakable and washable, while some of the limbs are of composition, and others of wood cleverly turned into shape. Of various materials are the bodies made, the best

being covered with kid and stuffed with wool. Cheaper ones are covered with linen and stuffed with wood-wool or hay. Women make the hair, using chiefly mohair; they design and make the frocks and coats; and little girl apprentices are often employed to dress the dollies.

Scattered through the forest about Sonneberg are innumerable tiny wooden houses, themselves resembling toys. Here many Grown Folk labor industriously, for they must pay a toll of 8000 dollies a day which the Little People have demanded. And to watch these workers there are thousands of the Little Folk's representatives—sturdy, rosy-cheeked boys in clattering wooden shoes and yellow-haired little girls. These boys and girls are very stern in their supervision, mind you. For, if they examine a doll and find it stupid looking and not at all nice, the Man-Worker is told about it pretty quickly, and has to do it over, too. Oh, these same rosy-cheeked little girls know everything there is to know about dollies. They will tell you that dolly is never alive while she is in a factory or a shop of a store—only when she becomes the property of her mistress—and that the best way to make a dolly REALLY alive is to whisper a little magic rhyme, which you may be able to persuade her to tell you, if you'll promise to keep it a secret.

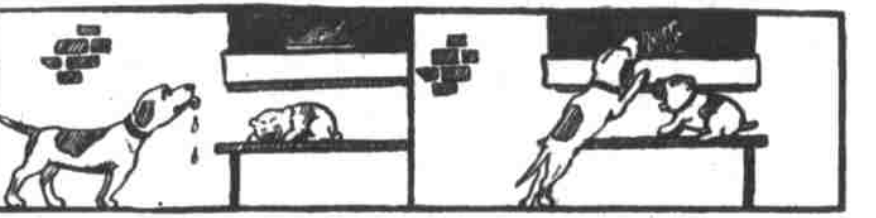
Wagons travel through the forest once a week, collect the dolls and take them to a market city. Twice a year there is held at Leipzig a great doll fair, which lasts ten days. Realizing how very proud and haughty the dollies are, the Grown-ups have erected large buildings for their comfort, and here reside for a time dollies made in all parts of Germany. Merchant Men from different countries visit the exhibition, and look carefully over the dollies, with a view to selecting those which will best please their Little People at home.

(CONCLUDED NEXT SUNDAY.)

Two Christmas Dinners

TOWSER already had eaten a nice Christmas dinner, but hardly an hour had passed before he was ready for another. He knew where he could get another, too. Hadn't he seen a plump turkey which cook had laid on

empty platter where the turkey had lain. Now Snip had also eaten a great, big dinner, but when there was beside him such delicious drippings from the turkey he could not help licking the dish.



"A PLUMP TURKEY"

"PULLED DOWN THE FOWL"

the windowsill of the pantry? The trouble was, however, that if he got THAT turkey he would also get a beating, and cook's beatings weren't very pleasant.

How should he go about stealing the

He was licking his chops in thankfulness for such a splendid dessert, when cook came upon him. Cook ought to have known that such a tiny puppy could never in the world have eaten an immense turkey. But cook didn't stop



"PICKED SNIP UP"



"BESIDE THE PLATTER"

turkey and avoid a whipping at the same time? Ah, there was little Snip, quietly sleeping on the bench below the window. Without further hesitation, Towser leaped upon the sill and dragged the turkey to a place of safety

to think. She simply imagined that Snip had stolen the turkey. So she beat him until the puppy cried and whimpered in pain. Meanwhile, as Towser devoured the turkey in his hiding place, he chuckled



TOWSER RAN AWAY



"SHE BEAT THE PUPPY"

—that is, where it would be safe for HIM. And in another instant he had picked Snip up by the scruff of the neck and had placed him beside the

in glee at the sounds of the punishment he had brought upon poor, innocent Snip.

